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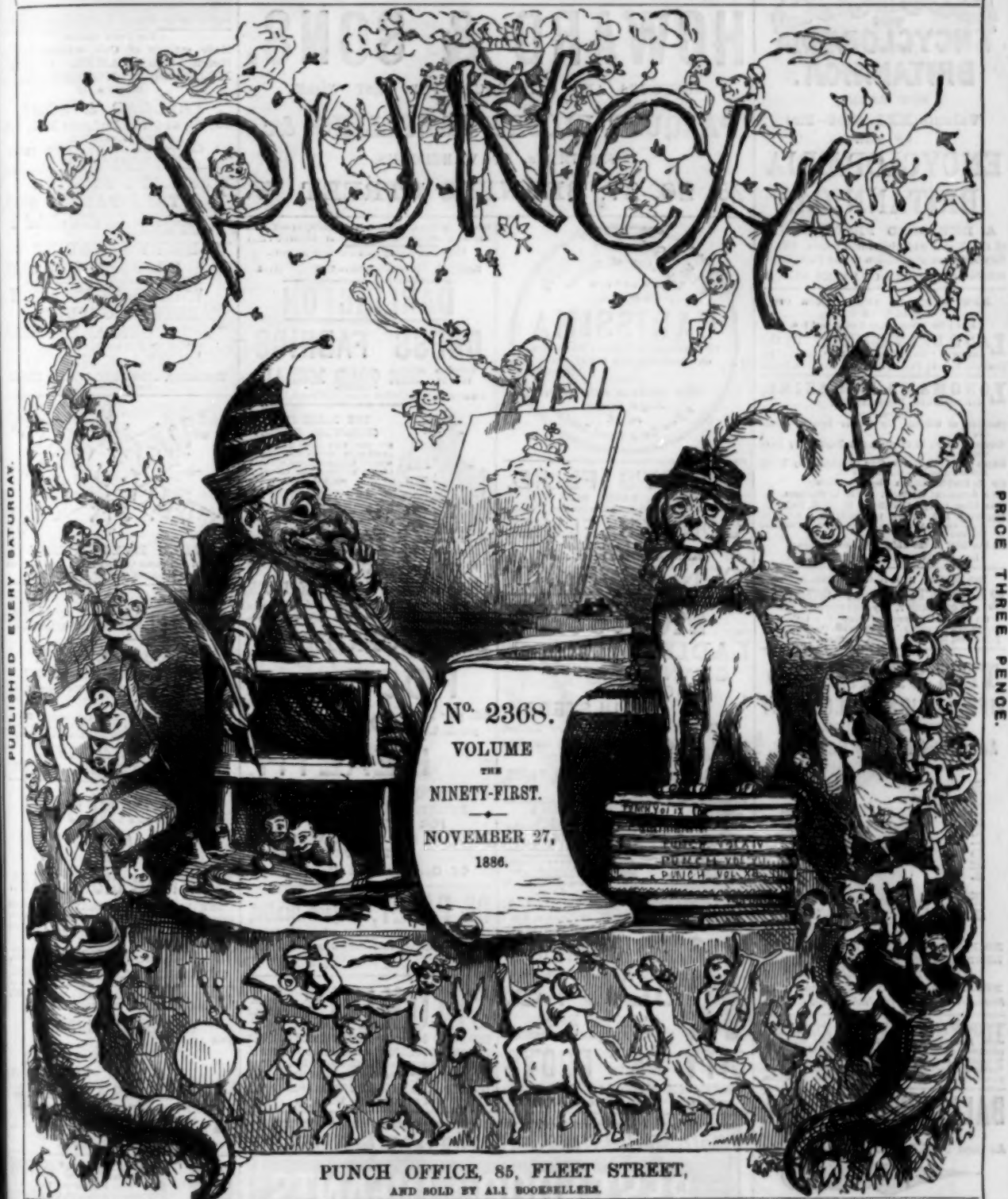
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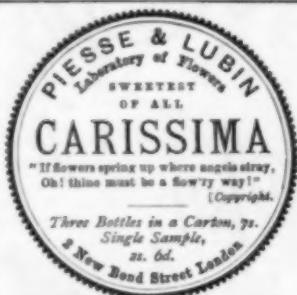
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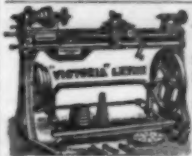
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"Musicus fit, non nascitur."



SUCCESSFUL? Rather!—I should say I was! I had to struggle hard at first, because, To gain a reputation, I allow One must eat dirt. But there! I've done it now. I'm not a foreigner—I pass as one In England—but that's more than half the fun; Hoxton's my birthplace, and 'tis my belief My father did a trade in ham and beef. Of that I can't be sure; for while quite young I got kicked out of home for too much "tongue." And, after wandering in hopeless plight, I found at last a friend who set me right. A kindly lady! Would that she, now dead, Could see the laurels that adorn my head! She took me in and taught me all I know, Trained me herself in playing music, so To her I owe my tender, tearful touch. She gave me what she had. It was not much. Together o'er the Continent we hied, I lived on her, and sorrowed when she died. She loved me. But, though she had no relations, Her will scarce realised my expectations: I'd grown to man's estate; alas! her own All went to "Charities." If I had known Her game beforehand, I'd have broached the topic Of "Self." Why will folks be so philanthropic? Something I had to do. Italian, French, Spanish and German, not on scholar's bench Learned as in England, but to speak I knew, And I could warble, though my notes were few. "I'll be a Great Musician!" I exclaimed. "A Cosmopolitan! Composer! Famed! England's my home! Too long my light's been hid. I'll do a thundering business there!" I did—Eventually. But ah, the tedious toil, The weary weeks I passed ere I struck oil! And, oh, what rapture when I got a letter (After my landing, quite a month, or better) From Lady VERE, to say—"I heard you sing At Signor TWANK's. Will you kindly bring Some music, and allow my friends to hear Your charming voice? Yours truly, V. DE VERE." That note I treasure in my album yet. Ladies, dear Ladies! yes; I am your pet!

Thus was the first stone of my fortune laid: I made a *succès*—what's more, I'm That fond hearts fluttered as I sang and sighed, Hearts doomed, perchance, to break, Oh, it was rich! I rolled my gooseberry eyes, Rattled my R's, rent heaven with my I ogled, languished, forced my throaty voice, Trembled with passion—till the men for Fled from the room; but Ladies, small and great, Clamoured for more! I let them have it straight.

And now, my place assured, I pile up gold, Each song I write is quickly bought—and sold.

For, as you know, I work like anything, And I "compose" the music that I Of course I'm ignorant of "harmony," and so on, But none the less exultingly I go on Procuring lays that deal with Love and June, And on the piano fumble out the tune. My stuff is "ungrammatical and crude," As candid Critics say, when in the mood; But what care I what anybody says? I write for *Women*, and I find it *pays*. And though my songs may possibly make you sick, The Ladies like them, and they buy my Farewell, farewell! Here, take this brace of grouse, Sent by the Duke. I'm off to Squall-borough House!

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOL.

(By a Real Lady.)

DEAREST MADGE,—Such a funny thing happened to my last letter. It was sent to the manager of the oldest evening paper by mistake, instead of to you. I have been blushing crimson every time I have driven down the Strand since.

Furs will be very much worn this winter. This will be good news indeed to many ladies of position, whose furs are very much worn already; for, as you know, *ma chère*, if there is one thing more dear to a *mondaine's* heart than another, it is to be in the forefront of the *mode* without being obliged to pay for the privilege. CECIL, who is such a tease, says I ought to have written "the fur-front of the *mode*." What do you think?

Papa and the boys have been having very good sport lately, and we girls have tried our culinary skill upon the trophies of the chase. Hens, riddled with shot, are very nice indeed, treated as pheasant, and JOHNIE's white rabbits made a really succulent dish. The poor boy, who is no sportsman, made a great fuss about his pets, and CECIL had to give him five shillings for the sake of peace. But, as Papa says, if they have to pay so much for their shooting at home, they might as well have rented some, in spite of this tiresome depression in trade. We girls have done wonders with the fowls and rabbits, but we wouldn't allow them to make game of Puss,—I mean the Pretty, or Domestic Puss, dear; *Felis Sausaginea*, GUY calls it— even though she is, they say, a dreadful poacher. CECIL asked us "if we could dress Hare?" Of course we said "Yes;" and he produced what he calls NELLIE's "*à la rousse*." She was so angry; but everybody knew where she got that beautiful "wealth of auburn," and how she couldn't pay for it when the bill came in.

The event of the week down here has been the DE LACY UNDERWEARS' Ball. Some of the dresses were very novel and pleasing. Mrs. FRILLIE TUCKER, who, *entre nous*, is to be the beauty next season, wore a magnificent costume of shot plush—what the French *modistes* call *Jacques poirée*. The colour was a delicate shade of burnt gunpowder, and the shot, as well as I could judge, about number six. Lady VESTA LAMBESWOOL excited much admiration in a wonderful fluffy, fleecy gown out *à la Bopeep*, a fashion which is likely to be all the rage this winter. It has no waist to speak of, which perhaps is the reason why dear Lady VESTA has taken it up so warmly, but it is certainly striking, and suitable for girls of a rheumatic type of beauty.

Mamma and I were not at the Ball. You know, dear, that the DE LACY UNDERWEARS, for all their wealth and high position, are not quite in our set. They made their money in a large *lingerie* emporium in Regent Street, which I have often delicately puffed in the papers to which I contribute. Besides this, we were not invited, and you know that even *journalistes* of position cannot well go to a house after all their efforts to obtain an invitation have been unavailing.

Nobless oblige, my dear; and we stayed at home and mended our stockings with LADDER AND RUCK's excellent silk-cotton-wool; which is really the best and cheapest now before the public. No house is complete without it. It will tie up parcels for the post, clean the boys' pipes, act as an excellent substitute for shoe-strings, make a really dressy necklet, and trip people up if tied across the stairs. This reads quite like one of those silly advertisements you see in so many so-called "fashion" articles, but I need not disclaim anything of the kind to you. Best love, dearest, from your volatile little

TICKSEY.

P.S.—Do get the new literary novel, *A Lone Whisperer*. It is published by DULLER AND DULLER. GUY says it is exactly like life. If I were a man, I know I should have been an actor.

TICKSEY.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—Sir ROBERT HAMILTON has been appointed to the responsible position of Governor of Tasmania, the Tasmanians being unable to govern themselves. The holder of this office, ranks before the Governor of Hanwell or any other Lunatic Asylum. The most distinguished experts are of opinion that Tas-man-ia is not incurable, but requires gentle yet firm treatment. The costume of the people is picturesque, the male Tasmanians for the most part wearing strait-waistcoats. Some persons say that Sir ROBERT's official duties in Ireland constituted excellent training for his new work.



PHILOLOGICAL.

Bus Conductor (shouting from the Foot-board). "Wes'-MINISTER! Wes'-MINISTER! Wes'-MIN-ISTER! WEST-MINISTER!"

Accurate Passenger (though in a hurry, he'd borne it for ten minutes, when—). "LOOK HERE, CONDUCTOR! SURELY YOU MUST MEAN 'MINSTER,' WHICH IS A BUILDING, YOU UNDERSTAND,—NOT A CLERGYMAN—OR PASTOR OF ANY—AH—RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION. I IMAGINE WE'RE GOING TO THE PART OF THIS ANCIENT CITY FAMOUS FOR THAT VENERABLE EDIFICE—"

Conductor. "THEN WHA'S THE GOOD O' THE 'W'!"

COLD WATER.

(Being the earnest remonstrance of a member of the Deputation which waited on Lord Randolph Churchill concerning the renewal of the Coal and Wine Dues.)

OH, bless us and save us, where are we? A fog o'er my spirit there steals, And I'm dashed if I know, Brother Blogg, if I stand on my head or my heels. Was ever a poor Deputation so dished as was ours, Brother Blogg, In spite of the splendour of STONEHAM, the might of JAMES M'GAREL-HOOG? O RANDOLPH, our new Rising Hope, is it you who should bid us despair, Is it you that should round on us thus? How your arguments made us all stare!

It might have been GLADSTONE we listened to, doubled with BOTTOMLEY FIRTH. You will move the Free-Traders to raptures, the City Reformers to mirth. The Coal and Wine Dues, my dear RANDOLPH, are ancient, and pull in the cash, And if that doesn't win Tory love, why our Party has just gone to smash. Four hundred and fifty net thousands last year! There's some lingering there; Yet you've doubts about keeping them up. Ah! for heaven's sake, do have a care!

Just think what we've done with them, RANDOLPH, Embankments, Streets, And you'd chuck all that up like a shot, just to cheapen the Working-man's coals! You'd lump on the Citizens' rates, out of care for the labourer's scuttles? Oh, surely your objects are wrong, Sir, your arguments too jolly subtle. From COURTNEY we might have expected it, Rads are such grinders all round; But Sir JAMES and ourselves never thought, I am sure, to be precious near drowned.

By such high economic cold water, pumped on us so freely by you. Turn it over, my Lord, in your mind, as Sir JAMES HOGG suggested,—now do!

Then your "Municipality" hints, just consider what mischief they'll play; Just imagine what HARCOURT will think, and just fancy what Bealites will say. After SALISBURY so cheered us up, too! The *Standard* will slate you, be sure; But we don't want to turn you quite up; we do trust you're the true Simon Pure. Only don't dash our hopes in this fashion, and just as we thought we had won. You are *not* a Reformer, now, are you? Do say it was only your fun!

ADVICE GRATIS.—MEDICAL.

By Our Own F. R. C. P. (Chattanooga).

PARAFFIN OIL.—You complain that after obeying my orders, and also spending five shillings on what you call that "compendium of drivelling quackery—*Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure*,"—you are very much worse than you were when you began. You also demand compensation for the loss of an infant, who did not take kindly to my prescription of equal parts of liquorice, castor oil, sulphuric acid, chopped chicory, and laudanum. Yours is a specimen of the ignorant prejudice with which one who attempts to benefit his species is sometimes rewarded. Take soothing syrup last thing at night. If not cured, don't bother me again with an account of your symptoms.

LUMBAGO.—Thanks for fee. Am glad the complaint is better. No, there is no cheap edition of *Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure*, published, but you will find it well worth the five shillings charged for it. It is written in a graphic and racy style, and is just the sort of book to read in a railway-carriage, or at the sea-side. Bishops often quote whole paragraphs from it in their sermons, *without acknowledgment*, and the inferior kind of Nigger Minstrels on the Margate sands could hardly get on without borrowing from its sparkling pages. In fact, pirated and disguised extracts from it, form the stock-in-trade of the Orator, the Statesman, the Philanthropist, the Comedian, and the Divine. The exhilaration of spirits caused by its perusal is alone sufficient to cure most diseases. Its effects on patients who have been given up by their doctor, is surprising, and almost maddening. Get it *without delay*!

AFTER THE PLAY.

Mr. Nibbs. How were you pleased, Sir?

Mr. Punch. I was both interested and amused by the entertainment at the Criterion. The plot is well constructed, but the dialogue is poor, and the principal characters are carelessly drawn.

Mr. N. I do not quite understand you. Surely Squire Chichey—

Mr. P. Well, Squire Chichey, who might be a Tony Lumpkin on a visit to London, is

just the one consistent character throughout, and the part, rather exaggerated in the First Act, is judiciously played by Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS in the last.

And it is some time since I have laughed so heartily as I did at the scene when Squire Chichey, slightly the worse for liquor, has an interview with Ada and old Ingot. Mr. GIDDENS' impersonation of a really though moderately inebriated noodle, is in excellent contrast with Mr. WYNDHAM's acting of Garrick's mock violent intoxication in the preceding Act. There can be no comparison between the two. They are both illustrations of BELLOT's saying, "L'ivresse se traduit de différentes manières, suivant la qualité du vin et d'après le tempérament du buveur."

Mr. N. But the character of Garrick—

Mr. P. Well, I am bound to say, that the hero might as well have been called SHAKESPEARE or BETTERTON, or KEMBLE, as GARRICK, for there is nothing in the part, either as written by the author, or as represented by the actor, which to my mind recalls any of the historical characteristics, physical or moral, of the fiery little DAY. But let this pass: the author chose to make it Garrick,



just as Messrs. TOM TAYLOR and CHARLES READE selected *Peg Woffington* for the heroine of that capital play *Masks and Faces*, in which occurs that ridiculously improbable—I should be inclined to say impossible, but that philosophy forbids—portrait scene. Mrs. BANCROFT, who played *Peg* to perfection—I had seen several *Pegs* before her—bore no more resemblance to any one of the portraits of MARGARET WOFFINGTON (with whom, by the way, little DAVY was at one time in love) than does Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM to any portrait of DAVID GARRICK. When ROBSON played the little actor who is mistaken for Garrick, in *Garrick at Last*—this was, I think, the name of the farce—his stature, and his nervous manner, greatly favoured the error. Mr. WYNDHAM's Garrick is not the real Garrick, but the ideal, with whom *Ada Ingot* falls in love.

Mr. N. You liked Mr. WYNDHAM in this?

Mr. P. In the First Act, excellent. His air of quiet amusement, his revelling in the idea of some sort of odd adventure, his humouring old *Ingot*, all excellent. In the theatrical speeches, too, of this part of the performance, the actor admirably interpreted what, I suppose, was the author's meaning. But the sudden inspiration that strikes him, as to the means he is going to use in order to disgust the lovesick girl, is not sufficiently emphasised. His manner of announcing his intention to old *Ingot* conveys the idea that he has come with his scheme ready out and dried. Call the hero "*Garrick*," and he could not, for an instant at least, have repressed the visible delight which such a "*Happy Thought*" must have caused him. His action and exclamation should have electrified the house, and utterly staggered old *Ingot*.

Mr. N. The Second Act, Sir, how did you like that?

Mr. P. I thought it too long. Preposterous! Mr. BLAKELEY was as amusing as he always is, but the author has scumbled in these minor characters anyhow. The Act is entirely on Mr. WYNDHAM's shoulders, and it is a burden which he bears wonderfully. The drunken scene, which should be painful and not comic, would appear less tedious if the dramatic motive were made clearer by the conduct of *Ada* and her father. Here a great opportunity is lost. The girl's should have been a very fine part,—the heartbroken agony of her horror should have been within an ace of forcing her doting old father to reveal the secret. As it is, her sudden start into indignant and majestic womanhood, in ordering Mr. Garrick to leave the house, has nothing whatever to lead up to it.

Mr. N. And the Third Act?

Mr. P. The Third is the author's best. Here we see what the characters were really intended to be. *Ingot*, the fond, foolish old father, so weak-minded that he is like "*The shallow pot, soon hot*," cursing his disobedient daughter one instant, and telling her he didn't mean it the next, attempts no wit, delivers himself of no flowers of speech, does not talk like a poetical bookseller (as he is made to do in the First Act) and say better things than Garrick himself, but speaks plain homely cockney English, of the period, as such a man would speak; and in this Act, as indeed throughout, Mr. DAVID JAMES does his very best with the materials, except that he misses one opportunity, which if it had made *Ingot's* part a great one, would have proportionately injured that of Garrick.

Mr. N. Miss MOORE is a pretty and charming *Ada*?

Mr. P. Yes—that, and nothing MOORE. On such a weak bread-and-butter Miss, Garrick is throwing himself away. I did not believe Mr. WYNDHAM so capable of conveying his own idea of the intensity of a situation as he proves himself to be in the Third Act. But the illusion of the scene's reality is spoilt by the feeling that *Ada* will always want him to go on acting, and that she fell in love with him "*in character*," and loved him (if the word "*love*" may be so profaned) for what he represented, and not for what he really was. Charming pretty, as you say, she is; but even the author's carelessly sketched *Ada Ingot* might say, politely adapting *Cassio's* speech, "*Unhappy chance that gave me to the MOORE!*"

Mr. N. But I am told that the piece has been altered for Mr. WYNDHAM since Mr. SOTHERN played it.

Mr. P. Perhaps so; and if it be improved by the alteration, the original must have been the very poorest stuff ever penned by TOM ROBERTSON. SOTHERN's performance did not so impress me that I could draw any comparison. I should say Mr. WYNDHAM is quite as good in this part as was ever Mr. SOTHERN. On the whole, I spent a most enjoyable evening, and I should say that with *David Garrick* Mr. WYNDHAM will fill his theatre for some time to come—until he takes a fancy to play something else. *Au revoir!*

THE JELLY-FISH AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.



Her beauty, passive in despair,
Through sand and seaweed
shone.

The fairest Jelly-fish that e'er
Mine eyes had looked upon.

It would have made a stone abuse
The callousness of Fate,
This creature of prismatic hues,
Stranded and desolate.

Sadly I said: "My mind's un-
strung,

Love, Hope, are in their grave;
But, ere I perish all unsung,
One Jelly-fish I'll save."

And yet I fancied I had dreamed
How, on some shore unknown,
I met a Jelly-fish who seemed
As utterly alone.

But ah! if ever out to sea
That Jelly-fish I bore,
Immediately awaited me
A level thousand more.

I knew none ever could desist
Who tried to float them all,—
And, though I am an altruist,
I felt that it would pall.

"And yet, *this Jelly-fish*," I cried,
"I'll rescue while I may.

I'll wade out with her through
the tide,
And leave her in the bay."

She said: "Ah! spare the pro-
mised treat,
Though your intention's kind;
The sand, the seaweed, and the
heat

I really do not mind.

"The smothering sand, the blind-
ing foam,
Are much the same to me;
I seem to make myself at home
Wherever I may be.

"When wild waves tossed me to
and fro,
I never felt put out;
I never got depressed and low,
Or paralysed by doubt.

"To wander through the mighty
deep

I do not greatly care;
I somehow seem to go to sleep
Here, there, or anywhere.

"'Twas not the ocean's soothing
balm—

No—it was something more.

I'm just as peaceful and as calm
When shrivelling on the shore.

"It does not matter what may
come,

I'm dead to woe or bliss.
I haven't a Sensorium!—
And that is how it is."

A REAL GRIEVANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,



Mending and Re-
forming.

To whom can I complain, if not to you? Since the second year of our happy marriage some little time ago now, my husband has been accustomed to stop out very late, and come in very early. He promised me he would reform. He told me one day that he had become a member of the Reform Club, and I was delighted to hear it. The name alone was grateful to my ears! Alas! it was but a name, for, though he belongs to the Reform Club, he is not a bit better, but rather worse. What is to be done? I dare say there are many poor wives whose husbands belong to the Reform Club, but who have not my spirit to address you. Your broken-hearted
PENLOPE.

"DOWN ON HER LUCK."—In the Bromley County Court (*vide Daily Telegraph's* report, Nov. 15), JESSIE KEEN, a laundry-maid, sued the proprietor of the laundry, one LUCK, for three weeks' wages. "She was singing at her tub," she said, and that's how it all began. More sensible this than singing to her tub. However, it appears that singing had been forbidden by Mr. LUCK. In fact, the laundry-maids could only sing when the tune was "*There's a nas Luck about the House*." The Judge, however, decided in the Defendant's favour. A Keen disappointment. Now she'll be more down on her Luck than ever.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, M.P.)



WHEE a crowd of people at Victoria Station to see me off. But very polite; nothing intrusive in their demeanour; in fact, took no more notice of me than if their business on the premises had been of quite another character. Five minutes before the train started, a familiar figure broke through the respectful crowd. A hand withdrawn from crevasse of a truculent moustache, pressed mine, and a familiar voice cried,

"Going away, Tony, old man, and without calling to say good-bye? I know why that should be. I understand it perfectly; still, I thought you wouldn't mind my seeing you off. But what's this?" he asked, pointing to a label on which was boldly written, "TONY, M.P., Passenger to Marseilles." "You don't

mean to say you're going abroad in your own name? I know all about your mission. You're going to see the Prince of MONACO; you'll find out the Dey of ALGIERS, and the Knights of Malta. I shouldn't wonder if you had a secret interview with the Doge of VENICE; and yet you're going about under your own name, just as if you were nobody! Royalty, and people like you and me, on our travels use an *alias*. LOOK, you know, is booked as "Colonel CAMPBELL." I have been heard of as "Mr. SPENCER." HARBOUR, who has royal blood in his veins, avails himself of this privilege. Why shouldn't you?"

"RANDOLPH!" I said, returning his warm grasp. "I will." And so it came about. Between London and Dover I had all the labels taken off what we should call in Italy my *impedimenta*, and "BYTO, M.P." substituted. I am glad RANDOLPH thought of it. If now I can only get a few newspaper fellows on my track, it will be all right.

Marseilles, Sunday.—A dirty place, Marseilles, and a smelly. Houses six stories high, with balconies on which women and children lounge, and clothes are hung out to dry. Narrow streets, in the middle of some of which there runs a stream of water, and kneeling women gossip and wash their dirty linen in public. Muggy weather, with the sky overcast, and the Gulf of Lyons outside tossing up interminable white caps. It being Sunday, all the *cafés* are full of men smoking cigarettes and drinking *petits verres*; a sprinkling of soldiers in the throng, for the most part seedy little chaps, whom the Lifeguardsmen on duty at the Horse Guards could take up and hold out at arm's-length. At the open door of one *café* a family party of six women playing cards and drinking *petits verres*, the surplus population not accommodated in the *cafés* standing about on the pavements, mostly smoking cigarettes.

But whether in *café* or on pavement, standing or sitting, every man and boy carries an umbrella; and such an umbrella! A stout gingham, sun-tanned, or faded from brilliant hues of blue or scarlet. In the Ancient Port where the *Huacantha* lies at anchor, and where hundreds of sailing ships, bearing manifold signs of sea travail, are tied up with their noses to the grindstone of the roadway, small boats all day pass to and fro. There are generally two persons in each. One stands up and rows with his face to the prow. The other stands behind him with an umbrella pendant in his hand, if it is not raining. If it rains, as it has rained to-day, he opens the umbrella, and generally makes a friendly effort to shelter the boatman, with the result of directing a stream of water down the nape of his neck. Who invented this curious fashion of journeying across the water no one knows, but it is invariable. They come and go all through the day, the man to the fore laboriously tugging at the oars, and the man abaft always with the umbrella, and always standing. Saw two men engaged upon the embankment going to their work, each under the protection of an umbrella. Fancy two British navvies arriving upon the scene of their labour under outspread umbrellas!

Next to the umbrellas are the bells. Day and night they ring out all round the harbour, the Church of St. Victor calling out to the

bells of Notre Dame de la Garde perched high up to the southward, the bells of St. Charles, St. Joseph, and St. Martin clanging in. Happily most of the bells are sweet-toned, or high noon would be a hard time at Marseilles.

Monday.—Here's an extract from this afternoon's *Le Petit Marseillais*:—"Yesterday Admiral Sir BYTO, M.P.'s yacht the *Huacantha* cast anchor in the Old Port, later in the day the Admiral accompanied by his Sailing-master, made the circuit of the Harbour in his steam-launch. He was, we hear, much impressed with the superiority of the principal naval arsenal of France, above anything possessed by *la perfide Albion*."

"Later, a rumour reaches us, that the distinguished stranger whose arrival we reported in an earlier edition, is not what he seems. Admiral Sir BYTO, M.P., is, we understand, merely a *nom de guerre*, under which English Statesmen are now accustomed to travel. We believe we are right in stating that Admiral Sir BYTO, M.P., is none other than the Lord Duke BELLESFORD, M.P., one of the most daring officers in the British Navy. It was he who went to the rescue of the lamented GORDON, and steaming up the Nile to Khartoum, sat upon the safety-valve of the engine for thirteen hours without light or food, and so prevented an explosion that must have proved fatal. Our distinguished visitor declines to be interviewed, and says he has merely come to Marseilles to go to the theatre. It is needless to say that the Authorities of the Port are on the *qui vive*. At Fort St. Jean sentries have been doubled. From Fort St. Nicolas a lime-light apparatus has been prepared, ready at a moment's notice to cast a flood of light upon the proceedings on board the yacht. *La Cannebière* is foaming with excitement."

Mr. DICK got up steam this morning, and is already pitching about in the Gulf, still turbulent with the Mistral. Poor Mr. DICK! we all liked him, but are really glad he is gone, for the position was a little embarrassing. It is a pitiful story. Less than six months ago Mr. DICK was in full possession of his senses, enjoying the munificent fortune he had amassed through a life of hard work. Then something went wrong. I fancy it was in the copper market. Mr. DICK's overwrought brain gave way under the shock, and he began to babble o' green fields and other inconsequential matters. His friends hired a yacht and sent him out to see what wonders a cruise in the Mediterranean might work.

A most affable gentleman is Mr. DICK, with wide plans for the future and a tendency to take passers-by into his confidence.

"I am going," he said to me this morning, across the narrow strip of water that divides the anchored yachts, "to have a ship built entirely of copper. I shall fill it with dynamite, and go and destroy all the ancient cities of the world—the Phenicians, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Mummies, and the Tear-bottles."

In the meantime Mr. DICK occupies his time by doing a little oil-painting. As he lays the colours on with his fingers and wipes them off with his pocket-handkerchief, there is some lack of precision about the detail. But it is very good, quite reminiscent of one of Mr. WHISTLER's studies, as Mr. DICK holds it up for approbation. Mr. DICK is still bubbling with delight at a sensation he created yesterday. Being permitted to go ashore, he eluded the vigilance of his attendant, and entering a grocer's shop in *La Cannebière*, said he wanted some mustard.

"Combien, Monsieur?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Well," said Mr. DICK, after a moment's reflection, "send me £40 worth," and he whisked out his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for the amount.

He did not mention the transaction on his return, and it was only when an emissary from the shop boarded the yacht to make arrangements for the delivery of the mustard that the truth came out.

"What did you order such a lot of mustard for?" our Sailing-master asked Mr. DICK.

"Why," he said with a genial smile, "I meant to make it hot for them."

In order to prevent further extravagant addition to the yacht's stores, Mr. DICK has been since kept a prisoner on the yacht. He has been determined to go ashore, and as the only available route was by the water, we are glad that he has been safely got away.

Wednesday.—Not a favourable start in the weather. As far as we have gone they make it just as good in England. Sunday no sun-light, close and cloudy. Monday the Mistral blew furiously, cold and still dark. This morning transformation scene, the clouds all blown away, a blue sky spread over an almost bluer sea. Steamed out of the Harbour past the group of Islands, just off the city, and so into the open Gulf. The sea still heaving with the late gale. When we got off Cape Sicie the wind freshened up, all on board are of course veteran sailors, but we were all secretly glad when the Sailing-master called out "Yere! Yere! Yere's Hyères!"

Hyères is a delectable place, and if we cannot get any further East, we are content to spend a day here. But alas! we stay with a difference. We are bound to drop anchor nearly two miles from the coast, and the sea is so rough, even in the Harbour, that no boat can reach the shore. Indeed, we have presently to shift our anchorage. Squall follows squall, the rain beating like musketry on the deck,



Hy.F

SCENE FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE "IMPERIAL INSTITUTE."

(Founded on Shakspeare's "King Henry the Fourth," Part II., Act v., Sc. 5.)

"It is understood that none of the present Exhibition Staff will be retained."

Times, Nov. 19.

Prince (rejecting False Staff). "PRESUME NOT THAT 'T'WILL BE THE THING IT WAS ;

FOR PUNCH DOETH KNOW, SO SHALL THE TIMES PERCEIVE

THAT I HAVE TURN'D AWAY MY FORMER SCHEME ;

SO DO I THOSE THAT ARE FOR HOLDING TO IT."

[Tableau.

and the wind whistling weirdly through the rigging. More than ever we congratulate ourselves on the happy thought that made us leave London in November in search of summer seas and skies. The Sailing-master says 'twas ever thus, and reminds us that *Isaac of York*, sometime the companion of *Ivanhoe*, recalls how "in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest, robbed the seething billows in my choice silks, perfumed their briny foam with myrrh, and enriched their caverns with gold and silverwork." That was all very well in the time of *Isaac of York*, but the Gulf of Lyons has since had time to learn better.

Thursday.—Steam up, and made for the open Gulf, but did not get beyond the open portals of the Harbour. The sea worse than ever ; incessant squalls and rain. Moreover, the wind got round to the East, and bites shrewdly as it did in *Hamlet's* time. After a brief battle gave up the attempt to put to sea ; anchored nearer town. Steward and boat's crew went ashore in search of fresh provisions. Found things ashore rather worse than afloat. The town, which nestles under a hill, some two miles distant from the coast-line, inaccessible owing to floods. Oldest inhabitant does not remember such fearful weather at this time of the year. It has, moreover, lasted, in less or greater force, for a month. Came across a swart mariner, captain of a felucca, who reports that he has been thirty-three days on a voyage that ordinarily takes him thirteen. Nothing to do but to remain on board the yacht. All morning a heavy swell, which incessantly rocked the vessel. Three French men-of-war at anchor close by, engaged upon gun-practice. In the chopping sea the targets enjoy unvaried security. Sometimes we wonder if a stray shot may strike us ! We wonder, but no one seems particularly to care how it may turn out.

What a day we are having, to be sure !

IN CELEBRATION.

WITH a view to satisfying the present rage for "Centenaries," the following, with brief suggestions for their appropriate commemoration, have been added to Mr. Punch's reserved list :—

Lowther Arcade.—Whole area cleared, and devoted to a three days' Military Tournament. Drawing-Room Entertainment given by Chairman and Directors of South-Eastern Railway Company from over the way. Performance of the Beadle on the tight-rope. Public admitted by voucher.

Bedlam.—Grand Race of Lunacy Commissioners in sacks. Letting of insane patients loose on to the neighbourhood for a fortnight. Display of Fireworks, with colossal set-piece depicting the Governor in a padded room, struggling with two attendants.

Invention of Blacking.—General Parade of the Shoe-black Brigade at Charing Cross. Public blacking of the boots of Cabinet Ministers on the Treasury steps in Downing Street. Peerages conferred on Messrs. DAY AND MARTIN.

Public Analysts.—Monster Meeting of Public Analysts to receive five hundred samples of purposely poisoned food. The latter partaken of freely by their assistants, with results. Hymn of Thanksgiving by economically-disposed Ratepayers, followed by orgy of Publicans over large sale of adulterated Beer.

Birch's, Cornhill.—Three days' gratuitous supply of soup to starving Common Councilmen. Turtle races in front of the Royal Exchange. Public Acrobatic Performance on the steps of the Mansion House by the LORD MAYOR, the two Sheriffs, and the City Remembrancer. Presentation of the Freedom of the City to the local crossing-sweeper.

The London General Omnibus Company.—Universal reduction of the fares to a halfpenny on all routes. Cutting down the conductors' time of service to twenty-two hours a day. Races with the Road Car Company up Piccadilly. Pic-nics to Liverpool Street, organised by Duchesses who go there on the roof.

The Dogs' Home.—General rejoicing and letting loose on to the immediate neighbourhood, of 2,500 dogs unmuzzled and under no control. Raid by the Police and summons against the Institution. Wild dance of Members of the Antivivisectionist Society around the premises, and final apotheosis of the Secretary in the Lethal Chamber.

FOX-HUNTING.

(By D. Crambo Jun.)



A Merry Burst with a Fawkes.



Exciting Run with the Belvoir.



A Meltin' Pack and a Hot 'Scent.



A Ringing Run.



An Awkward Take-Off.



Saved his Brush.



A Rank Refuser.



Skirting the Wood.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

BROWN (THE EMINENT AND WITTY Q.C.) WOULD BE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL COMPANY IN THE WORLD, BUT FOR A HABIT HE HAS, WHEN HE HOLDS FORTH, OF UNCONSCIOUSLY BUILDING THE MOST ELABORATE AND TOP-HEAVY STRUCTURES WITH HIS HOSTESS'S BEST WINE GLASSES AND DECANTERS.

THE TEMPTER.

TEMPTER and Toiler! Demos, and despoiler of labour's tribute as of wealth's fair store;
A troubled land's twin portents, there they stand. Not hand in hand—not yet, or the fierce roar
Of the hot hate that only blood can sate were at our gate. Who, who will read aright
The meaning written in this scene, red-litten
With danger's lurid light?

It is the hour to read it. Heed it, heed it, O high-placed holders of our power, our purse!
Light mockery now, cold pride's uplifted brow, will bring, anon, a stricken nation's curse.
One gaunt grim shadow o'er our El Dorado of civic opulence and splendour lies,
Sombre, unlifting, as the ceaseless drifting
Of tempest-darkened skies.

Some legend olden of a city golden, with aureate streets and courts and towers, tell,
Serene, sun-litten, fair, yet wizard-smitten at last by the most sinister of spells,
What time it slept a shapeless shadow crept, a shadow small as any summer cloud,
Between it and the blue; it grew and grew,
Till it became a shroud.

A shroud all-covering like some night-bird hovering above that golden city, till the gleam
Of tower and wall beneath that deadly pall died like the lustre of a night-struck stream;
Died slowly, wholly; till the melancholy requiem of hooting owl and bittern hush,
Rose sad, rose only through the silence lonely,
Of sand-waste, mound and marsh.

Is there no shadow fleets athwart our streets? Is not our golden Babylon haunted too,
By spectres grim that half its brightness dim, make pale the sunshine and make sad the blue?
What is this swelling cry which rises high and higher from the myriad throats of Toil?
Must they who moil and moan be left alone,
The Anarch Tempter's spoil?

Demos and Demogorgon seem to meet, grasp hands and greet in many a neighbouring land.
Here also must they close as friends not foes, make common cause, strike threatening hand with hand,
Here where Wealth swells so high, and Charity at the street corner stands with liberal dole?
Can wealth and pity in our affluent City
March to nobler goal?

What ails the roots of which these things be fruits, the broad foundations whence these woes uprear,
Their spectral faces? Are our social bases firm set in justice, past all doubt, all fear?
These questions high clamour for clear reply; not force alone, nor love of civic peace,
Will lay these ghosts, make mute these murmuring hosts,
Or bid these questionings cease.

The Tempter stands! Fierce eyes, destroying hands—hands that invoke and eyes that promise war.
Anarchy's fruits await his blind recruits, Death's Dead-Sea Apples.
"Break the iron bar
Of Wealth's stronghold, and snatch the hoarded gold *your* hands have stored for *him*!" the Anarch cries;
Poison his breath, his dark delusions death,
His promises sheer lies.

And yet, and yet the Worker's eyes are wet with weary waiting for the dawn of good.
If labour fail, if patience naught avail, if hands hang idle, children cry for food,



THE TEMPTER.

SPIRIT OF ANARCHY. "WHAT! NO WORK! COME AND ENLIST WITH ME,—I'LL FIND WORK FOR YOU!!"



THE JOURNAL

What then? The Tempter's answer quickly comes to courts and slums. Let patriot Wisdom say
If Toil's long woe it can abate, and show
A safer, nobler way.

Ay; Order must be kept, Mob-riot swept from Trade's thronged way and Fashion's pleasant walk.
But after? Not stern force nor careless laughter will lay the ghosts that through our City stalk.
That civic state where willing hands must wait, helplessly, hopelessly, for work and wage,
Is rotten at the core, must reel before
Roused Anarchy's red rage.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(Before Mr. Justice Punch, without a Jury.)

Brassicell v. Baylis.—This was a case of some considerable importance, involving two questions—(1) Whether a Legal University ever existed; (2) Whether Serjeants' Inn was a part of such University. Mr. Justice PUNCH decided in favour of the Defendant on both issues, and reproved the Plaintiff for the unnecessary violence of his language.



County Court Judges v. Lord Esher.—Mr. Justice PUNCH said that in this case each side should pay its own costs; and he further intimated that it would be necessary to bind over Lord ESHER to hold his peace towards all Her Majesty's subjects, especially after dinner, for the next six months. The effect of this post-prandial order will be extensively felt and universally appreciated.

Cavendish-Bentinck v. Oldrid Scott.—Mr. Justice PUNCH gave judgment for the Defendant, and added, that the only order he should make in this case would be that Mr. BENTINCK must study Architecture for the next five years, and keep his knowledge to himself.

Mr. Justice PUNCH said that he was constantly receiving letters on matters *sub judice*, which it was hardly necessary to say he never read. It was, however, with great pleasure that he announced the receipt of the thousandth and last post-card on the result of the SEBRIGHT case, containing the same joke. "If I had the offenders before me," observed the learned Judge, severely, "I should not be inclined to let them off 'Scot-free.'"
(Applause in Court, which was instantly suppressed.)

Quiet Londoners v. Socialists and Salvationists.—Mr. Justice PUNCH said, that this was just one of those cases with which this Court, and this Court alone, possessing as it did unlimited powers to pronounce on matters of every conceivable kind, could satisfactorily deal. Londoners wished Sunday to be a day of rest; a day when they could, if they were so properly minded, attend to their religious duties, and enjoy healthful recreation in the Parks, quiet and peaceable perambulation of the streets, and that where there might happen to be free exhibitions of pictures or other works of Art, or where music was provided in or out of doors, all Londoners should be free to profit by these and similar entertainments, according to their taste, without let or hindrance of any kind. The Socialists, said the learned Judge, have access to all the newspapers; the Press is at their service. For one worthy man that can attend a meeting, there are a hundred who can read a newspaper. Such public meetings as these are an anachronism, and only serve to disgust those whom, as I should have supposed, it would have been considered desirable to attract. And this, too, applies to the Salvationists with their discordant bands, and what they are pleased to call their singing. Good, quiet, respectable folk cannot enjoy their Sunday in London as long as this state of things is permitted; and if the annoyance continues, I shall not hesitate to issue a warrant to bring before me, sitting as President of this Court of Common Sense, not only the offenders themselves, but those Authorities whose mistaken sense of duty has led to the present abuse, by certain parties, of that freedom which is the birthright of every Briton, and in the perfect enjoyment of which consists the Lawful Liberty of the Londoner. (Great applause, in which everybody joined as the Judge left the Court.)

MRS. RAMSDOTHAM says she is glad to hear that Colonel FRASER was handsomely compensated by the LORD MAYOR on the recent excellent police arrangements.

THE COMING WINTER.

A TRAGEDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

"We see the Coming Winter," say the children, "in our dreams One round of endless holiday the merry Christmas seems. There is a good time coming of feasting, fun, and rhymes, Of clever conjurors by day and nightly pantomimes! Good Santa Claus will hover, round the household as we sleep, And bring us costly toys to break, and pretty books to keep; There'll be pudding, pie, and pastry in a world too sweet to last, All in the merry Winter that is coming on so fast!"

"We dread the Coming Winter," sigh the children in the street, "For the cold it chills our bodies, and our shoeless little feet. About the shops we wander, to the Market down our way, With eyes too tired for weeping, and hearts too sad to play. We are hungry in the morning, and go starving to our bed, And it can't be 'Jolly Christmas' when we want a bit of bread; We may cry for food to Mother; she'll have nothing left to give In the long and dreary Winter that is coming—if we live!"

"I love the happy Winter!" laughs the careless-hearted lass, As she turns to love herself once more before the looking-glass. "There'll be country-house and covert, there'll be pictures and the play, And skating till the night-time, and dancing till the day; There'll be lots of pocket-money for the girl who only knows To frill her pretty neck with lace and advertise her hose! The boys are coming back, and bring their College friends no doubt, In the cheery Coming Winter when the money flies about!"

"Ah, God! the Coming Winter!" sighs the maiden at her wheel; "If only our young sisters there, could picture what we feel! If only pretty virtue could but know how we begin To break off from our praying and in fancy dream of sin! We are dying at our sewing, as the cruel wheel goes round, And we dream about the river and the noisome underground. We were not born for sorrow, but it hurries on us fast, Before the Coming Winter, that will shiver us at last!"

"Confound it! here's the Winter!—oh! it cuts one like a knife," Cry the boys, who, like the children, break the little toys of life! "Let us shirk the beastly weather, and unite the night and day In one long and festive gambol that Society calls play. There'll be bacarat and poker when we make our little 'pile,' And swindle one another in a gentlemanly style! He's a fool who thinks of working, there's the odd trick and the rub, So we'll sort our Christmas Cards like jolly fellows at the Club!"

"Can I face the Coming Winter and its miserable ways?" Asks the threadbare shabby fellow who has known his better days. They shun him who have robbed him, and they cut him in the street, For grim poverty has stamped him from his head unto his feet. He hasn't nerve to cringe to them, and hasn't heart to think, So he shambles round the corner, and he warms himself with drink. 'Tis the only food that nourishes forgetfulness—alas! So he toasts the Coming Winter from the poison in his glass!

"About the Coming Winter?" asks the husband to the wife, As they rub along together, in their calm contented life. "There's the orthodox subscription that perhaps we ought to give, For they tell me these poor creatures find it very hard to live!" "Well, be just before you're generous," says the matron to her spouse, "For if you've to pay the carriage, I have got to keep the house!" So they order up their dinner, since they've other fish to fry, And elect to think about the Coming Winter by-and-by!

Look up, good Mr. DIVES! from the table where you dine, And hear the men who murmur, and the little ones who whine. Go out into the highways and the byeways, and behold The truth, or the deception, of the saddest story told! It may be some are thriftless, and many more who walk And curse their empty pockets, spend their toiling-hours in talk. It may be this, it may be that, that causes them to fall, But the cruel, crawling Winter! it is coming on them all!

Go! tell the little children to sacrifice their fun, Remind the giddy women, "What is Pleasure when it's done?" Say to the boys who gambol, "A better life begin, Assist a wretch from starving and a woman's soul from sin!" This is no time for dreaming! they are drowning within reach! Fling out a rope to save them! let us practise what we preach. There is weeping, there is weeping, there are bodies on the rack, Let us face the Coming Winter! and attack it back to back!



POOR LETTER 'H.'

"HAVE YOU GOT ANY WHOLE STRAWBERRY JAM?"—"NO, MISS. ALL OURS IS QUITE NEW!"

LIGHT FOR THE LEAGUE.

THE Secretary of the New Liberal League, just established "to secure the co-operation of men and women in Liberal work, and especially in counteracting the machinations of the Primrose League," having invited "Liberals and Radicals of all sections and both sexes to forward any suggestions they may wish to make, which will assist the Committee who have been intrusted with the drawing up the rules and constitution," has already received the following encouraging communications that have been submitted to him for his guidance:—

A "LIBERAL CHAMPION" writes:—"To combat, as you suggest, the machinations of the Primrose League, what we Liberals require is, an organisation of a similar, but overwhelmingly superior character. We must crush our enemies by smiting them with their own weapons. And this is how I would do it. To begin with an emblem. Let the Liberals take the sunflower. It is at once popular and showy, and has this immense advantage over the primrose, that when worn in the button-hole it is unmistakable. The League, therefore, should be known as the "Sunflower League." Then the Knights of the League should, on all public occasions, wear some distinguishing dress. The badges of the Primrose League have been a success. Why should not the Sunflower Knights carry the principle still further, and appear in full chain-armor? The Dames too might wear some appropriate courtly costume of rich silk brocade that would, on the same lines, invest the meetings held at the various 'Habitations' with impressive dignity. Then these meetings themselves, that should be given at the mansions of the Dukes, Earls, and Barons holding high office in the League, should be celebrated by champagne banquets, to which the navvies, coalheavers, and bricklayers, and all who represent its humblest adherents, should not only have free access, but be specially summoned and earnestly invited to attend. The canvassing, too, for recruits should not be confined to the mere distribution, as in the case of the Primrose League, of coats and blankets, but comprise a right royal largesse, involving the unstinted giving away of suits of clothes, household furniture, legs of mutton, unlimited groceries, barrels of beer, and a full supply of the domestic necessities encountered in each individual household of the new associates. The matter is simple enough, and only wants testing in operation. I am convinced that if essayed under such conditions, the New Sunflower League would have an enthusiastic following, capable of sweeping down all opposition, and of outrivalling any hostile political scheme whatever."

An "IMPECUNIOUS PATRIOT" suggests as under:—"To my thinking, what is wanted is a permanent guarantee fund, from which a handsome salary could be paid to an efficient organising Secretary. And for that post I beg to submit myself. I have a wonderful working scheme in my head, the which, on being duly installed in the appointment, and

having a quarter's stipend in advance, I should be ready to disclose."

An "ELECTIONEERING MAIDEN" writes:—"You appeal to your supporters of 'either sex,' but I do not think you recognise how far more efficacious than the male is the female element as a compelling political power. Do you appreciate the strength and force of feminine youth and beauty, when let loose to work its own sweet will on the loafing denizens of some river-side slum? I tell you that all the political theories, urged with ever such adroitness by the male canvasser on the attention of the buttonholed bargee, do not affect him in any degree comparably with the exercise of a little blandishing coquetry by one of the softer sex. So be guided, and, while you men meet together and keep the accounts of the League, leave the active work of canvassing for its interests to us women. You may hold Mr. WILLIAM SIKES unwillingly for a few minutes by your words, but we can bind him permanently in a chain of roses a submissive captive with our smiles."

"COMMON SENSE" concludes:—"Surely the proper and only way to set the New League on foot, and establish it as a powerful political agent for the Liberal cause, is for each one of us to bring to its support that fund of earnest and personal zeal, without which no movement, however artfully planned out in mere talk, and carefully mapped out on paper, can hope to succeed. And here, without copying the ridiculous paraphernalia of our Primrose League rivals, we can at least take a leaf out of their book. They knew what they wanted and went at it with all their will. As an initial step we can not do better than say to ourselves we will go and do likewise."

AT IT AGAIN!

(Dedicated to the Shelley Society.)

"LAST night the Shelley Society gave what their programme described as a 'performance' of *Hellas*, in St. James's Hall. . . . The audience, full to begin with, gradually thinned under the depressing influences of the occasion, and the most ardent Shelleyite present must have felt relieved when the performance was over."—*Times' Report*.

THE "Kyrles" great age begins anew;
The cultured folk return
To Town, and gladly would renew
The sport for which they yearn:—
To show, as plain as heart can wish,
How poor a dramatist was BRUSH.

A drearier *Cenci* must be acted,
But one more moral far;
So 'tis by FURNIVALL enacted,
Culture's great morning star;
How could a poet such as he,
A SHELLEY, from odd fish be free?

"If all its faults and flaws be shirked,"
Shelleyans wild exclaim,
"This play of *Hellas* may be worked,
To bring us heaps of fame;
Although around our mimic stage
The critics furiously rage."

Unfitted for the footlights' glare,
Those lovely lyrics leave!
Show mercy to a Genius rare,
Nor make his ghost believe,
That even to Cultured Bards is sent,
A state of future punishment!

SPECULATIVE BUILDERS.—Proposers of the Church House, and Palace for the People.

AN EVENING FROM HOME BY THE LIGHT OF "DAY."



Home 5.30 AM Having often heard that burglars creep up stairs without their boots he tries the effect

He has often heard of Ghosts, but never seen one till now. apparition of Mrs D!!!

next morning - Mr Dumpkin has a headache, such a splitter!!

Mr. Peter Dumpkin, who expects to be appointed one of the Muddleses Magistracy, was so struck by the self-sacrificing practicality of Mr. Justice Day (as recorded in the "Daily Telegraph") in being personally conducted through the Liverpool slums and visiting the "Loose Box," that he informed a friend, that, as he will have to vote for granting licences to various places of refreshment and entertainment, he felt it his bounden duty to make a personal inspection of some of the most notable among them at any risk. His friend, who happened to be an expert, offered to see Mr. Dumpkin through it for one night only. The above series faithfully represents Peter's Progress.

A PRETTY DANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST admit that I was extremely surprised to see in the columns of the *Times* that the critic of that paper had discovered no plot in the new ballet at the Alhambra entitled *Dresdina*. I was present at the initial performance, and I must confess was deeply interested in the dance-drama in question. The story was simple but

exciting. A number of Hungarian students are engaged in learning dancing at a German University, when they are attacked by a band of robbers disguised as muleteers. They upon this take to drinking, when the chief of the false muleteers is so shocked by the occurrence that he and his troupe give up brigandage, and form themselves into an itinerant street orchestra. A lady (who I cannot help fancying must have been known in those parts as the "Maid of the Mill") appears and flirts with the reformed robber-chief, but subsequently coquets

with a nobleman whose property has been reduced to the solitary holding of a bundle at the end of a stick and a large wide-awake hat. It must be confessed that both peer and pickpocket are very effeminate, and for awhile the Maid seems unable to decide between them. Ultimately, however, she prefers the thief, upon which the nobleman wanders dejectedly in a ruined castle where he meets some animated statues. He practises his steps with these quaint personages, and is subsequently joined by the Maid herself (who seems on the whole to be rather a fickle individual, for she has evidently deserted the ex-robber chief), and the five indulge in a *pas de cinque*. It is scarcely necessary to say, that after going so far there is but one course open to the peer and the peasant girl, and that is immediately to visit the Palace of Dresden China, and assist at a "porcelain ballet." They do so, and live happily ever afterwards. And yet the leading "morning paper," declared that *Dresdina* had no plot! For the rest, the scenery and costumes are simply superb. On the first night, a number of persons, some of them in morning dress, were called before the footlights. With the exception of M. JACOBI (who had composed some very pretty music for the piece) I did not recognise anyone. I was told, however, that a gentleman in dark spectacles was the maker of the dresses, from designs furnished by someone else. I should say that this ballet will have a long run. It ought to, as it has capital legs to do it with. Your faithful contributor,

RUSTY CUBS IN URNE.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. V.—WYCKHAM OF JUDE'S.



"STILL the old place," I thought, as I escaped from the Great Western, in a regular Oxford cab, and a regular Oxford day.

"Oxford that scarce deserves the name of land," seemed an obvious parody from MARVELL, as we splashed through the yellow Slough of Despond under the railway bridge, and caught a glimpse of the posts in the floods, that "to the stake a struggling country bind." Everything aboveground was a dirty grey, everything on the ground a dirty yellow, and the water ran down the old College walls, inside and out, when I reached St. Jude's, quite in the old familiar fashion.

"Mr. WYCKHAM, in Sir? yes, Sir," said the porter, ushering me to the remembered rooms. Old TOTTER had them when I was up.

One never saw him except when he "drew" you for not going to chapel. As he was too shy to speak to you when he had captured you, the interview was rather painful and embarrassing.

As I stood on the eccentric wooden step outside WYCKHAM's door, and was about knocking, he rushed out like a whirlwind, hurrying on his gown as he came, and nearly sent me to the bottom of the stairs. However, he caught me, and held me as tight as if it were football, and I trying to run in with the ball.

"Hullo!" he cried in a great cheery voice like the North wind, "here you are, I had given you up. Come on in!" He dragged me through his outer chamber, where there were little lecture-tables and chairs, into "a penetralia," as a learned author has it, and thrust me into an arm-chair by the fire.

"Not more than one minute to wait," he said; "just off to a meeting about Ifley Lock."

"What's the matter with Ifley Lock?"

"Oh, Iflier than ever! Don't you see the floods? Don't you smell 'em? The Master's New Gut's no good, only a temporary palliative. If we don't sweep away Ifley Lock, the remains of the University will soon be in the alluvial deposit of the Thames valley. Dinner in Common room at seven; I'll be back at six."

Then he fled, and I was left to warm myself, and reflect on WYCKHAM and the new sort of Don. A man's books and furniture tell you a good deal about him. WYCKHAM's told me that he was an energetic, and, so to speak, multifarious character. His cap and sword, as an officer of the Volunteer corps, were lying on a sofa. Two cars with dark blue blades were crossed over a queer old oak

cabinet, full of classics in very crabbéd type, and very thick stamped pig-skin binding. There were some blue crackle vases, and four big boating pewters on the chimney-piece, inscribed with the names of ancient crews, that WYCKHAM had "stroked." A mummy case, with a gilt face, gleaming rather awfully in the fire-lit dusk, stood against a wall on which were hung a pair of bats, and a trophy of spears from the Soudan. The table was littered with College notices and copies of the *University Gazette*, and with high-class Magazines. "Social Sophistries, by R. A. WYCKHAM," I read in the contents of one, and "Ground and Lofty Tumbling, as a Mode of Motion," by the same author, in another, a scientific periodical. There was also the *Journal of the Hellenic Society*, with an essay on "Cock-fighting in Ancient Athens, as illustrated by two Dipydon Vases, by R. A. WYCKHAM."

The signs of WYCKHAM's versatility and energy were as frequent in the College notices as anywhere else. "Mr. WYCKHAM will coach the College Four, at three." "The College Trombone Society, will meet in Mr. WYCKHAM's Rooms at ten, on Tuesday Evening." "The College Browning Society will meet in Hall, on the thirteenth. Essay on Browning's *Ascription to finishing his Monosyllables*, and the Bearing of this on his Philosophy of Love, by Mr. WYCKHAM." While I was turning over these things men were constantly bolting into the room in search of WYCKHAM; some were in pink, some in cap and gown, some in boating flannels. They all begged my pardon and rushed out again; apparently life in Oxford is more energetic than it used to be. In my time the stroke of the University boat complained constantly of languor. About an hour after he had gone out WYCKHAM returned like a charge of Cavalry. "Ifley Lock has life in it yet," he said. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll just knock off all this comp., and then I'm your man." He seized a bundle of Greek and Latin exercises, and hewed his way through them, as it were, with a red pencil. "blazing" the passages he disliked, correcting, adding, and shouting out to me the more ludicrous solecisms he discovered. When he had finished, it was time to dress, and I was then taken to one of the bare little slits of bedrooms, the floor damp with spilt of many tubs, which are the least luxurious of things Academic.

Dinner at High-Table Hall at St. Jude's is never exhilarating. There were only three Dons in addition to myself and WYCKHAM. One of them was æsthetic and unemployed, the College having no use for his gifts, which were chiefly devoted to composing sonnets, and virelains. He seemed clever, depressed, and disagreeable, and said as many things as he could to annoy the clerical bursar, and the Dean of the Chapel, who either did not understand or did not answer his remarks. WYCKHAM plunged with them into dissertations on University Sermons and Oxford Charities, throwing himself into these topics as if they were the things nearest to his heart.

He sent for two undergraduates to join us in Common Room, young men so much young men of the world that I own I quailed before them, and felt it impossible to talk up to their level. But WYCKHAM did; he discoursed of hunting, and the county families, and the noble youths seemed perfectly at home. They provided themselves, however, with excuses very cleverly when WYCKHAM proposed to take them on with us to an evening entertainment at Mrs. NIPPER's, wife of NIPPER of St. Gatten's.

"You remember NIPPER?" he said to me,—"the man who kept the bear in his rooms at St. Gatten's? Well, he's married."

"And what is Mrs. NIPPER like?"

"You'll see," said WYCKHAM, and led me out to the Parks, where we arrived at the red-brick house which Mrs. NIPPER styled Eleutheria Hall. "Liberty Hall" was not sufficiently classical.

The company might have been called mixed without any sense of social disrespect. Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, Hindus, Parsees, and Mingrelian Princes, all of them undergraduates, were there, enjoying the elegant hospitality. I noticed that whoever was introduced to any of these aliens, at once began to pump him with questions as to the customs, resources, scenery and religion of his native country. This greatly embarrassed the foreign undergraduates, who knew but little, as was natural in men of their years, about their native institutions. Some of them came from countries which had no institutions at all. The rest of the company consisted of Scotch freshmen, middle-aged Dons with puzzled wives, and Psychological Researchers. WYCKHAM was soon engaged in thought-reading, or deciphering the unexpressed ideas of a very pretty young lady. So successful was he in this branch of research, that I really began to think there was "something in it."

But when we left Eleutheria Hall and its exciting society, WYCKHAM admitted that his success was the result of collusion with the young lady. "In fact you may congratulate me, my dear fellow," which I did very heartily, and still more, when I heard that he had accepted a flourishing professorship of Greek in an Australian College. I think WYCKHAM may thrive to be President of the Australian Republic, which will be even better than being President of St. Jude's.

THE TINT OF THE EUXINE.—It is too evident that the Czar wants to convert the Black Sea into Russian Lake.

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Guaranteed
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Cocoa



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It is Soluble in Boiling Milk or Water.

It contains all the delicious aroma of
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It is not reduced in value by the addition
of Starch, Sugar, &c.

Is is specially rich in flesh-forming and
strength-sustaining principles.

It is a gentle stimulant, and sustains
against hunger and bodily fatigue.

It is delicious, nutritious, digestible,
comforting, and a refined beverage
suitable for all seasons of the year.

In the whole process of manufacturing
Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic
machinery employed obviates the
necessity for its being once touched
by the human hand.

PRECAUTION and WARNING.

Always ask for Cadbury's Cocoa. Always examine your Purchase. See that you have not been induced to accept an imitation, as the great esteem in which Cadbury's Cocoa is held has led to the most unscrupulous Copying of Labels and Packages, for the sake of extra profit.

Be wary of highly-coloured and drugged preparations offered as PURE Cocoa. Anything of a medicated character associated with Cocoa proclaims it at once to be an imposture.